

Brutal Blood

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Summary: An adaption to the Dragon Ball Z episode 71 'The End Of Vegeta'

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> Summery: An adaption to the Dragon Ball Z episode 71#, the End of Vegeta.
 Note: Words in *Italic* are thoughts.

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Adapted By: Bulma V. Briefs

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On the dusty Namek ground Vegeta lay panting for his next breath. Eyes closed in concentration on the pain that engulfed his every inch. Trying to except the pain and push it away seemed impossible. The ancient technique had aided him in numerous battles before. This battle was different. His opponent was unbelievably dominant over his limited powers. All the Saiyan warrior could do was gasp savagely for the next breath.

His ears picked up a familiar voice. It was muffled from the thundering drums that occupied his hearing. It tainted him. Vegeta tensed at the sound._ I have to get up, I must_. His thoughts circled around this command. His every muscles scrounging for the strengths to act on it.

His muscles tightened even more as something slowly slithered around his neck. Coiling around it, and gripping it. This thing lifted him up abruptly. His entire weight pulled at his bruised neck. He pulled at his arms in an immense effort to grip the thing wrapped around him. It was useless the strength he once possessed was now gone.

_ Once my power could strike fear into all those under me. I was the most mighty Saiyan alive, at least thats what I thought._ Vegeta gasped in quickly._ Those Earth Saiyans even roughed me up pretty good in that intense battle there._ He grinned at the remembrance of the vast strife._ Even after my recent power leap how could I possible consider myself capable taking on Frieza? What a foolish assumption of myself! Of me, Vegeta, actually reaching the legendary level of Super Saiyan. The truth is clear now._ He thought with regret._ I'm no Super Saiyan. Far from it. _His pride melted with his burning flesh.

All he could do was wait for his former master to put an end to this misery. The one he had learned to hate, he had longed for revenge on him. Now the one he loved to despise with a great passion, held Vegeta in his death grip. Vegeta had always had faith in himself to someday summon enough vigor to slaughter his master, Frieza. He felt it his privilege and responsibility to do so. To avenge his people's death. All was hopeless in his eyes at that instant.

The others that stood around and watched, were even more helpless than him. The Earth warriors a few feet away had their poke at Frieza. Failed._ They are at least in more comfort than I am in._ Vegeta thought bitterly.

Then he felt it, the torture Frieza had in store had begun. It planted itself deep in his back again and again. Vegeta's eyes widen after every impact, his jaw draping open allowing fresh blood to spill from the sides of his mouth over his chin, and on the massive tail. His body was made a punching bag for Frieza's pleasure. This was Vegeta's punishment. His breath rasped in and out with his involuntary groans.

Blow after blow, Vegeta could feel his muscular temple bend and snap under Freiza's blood thirsty knuckles. Frieza flicked his tail to the side slightly. Granting him access to Vegeta's stomach and face. He began rotating his fist from his back then to his front. Frieza attacked his battered face. It felt as if his skull would cave in slowly under this type of repetitious action. Vegeta's intake of air was slow, to prevent choking on the thick, salty blood oozing from the corners of his mouth and from his nose.

He let out a long throaty scream through clenched teeth. Caused by the enhanced power that embedded in his back and occasionally the front. Many more grunts and groans followed.

[illegible]

Goku hadn't felt this fresh since his first bath. The recovery tank he had been in for the last hour or so, had paid off. It was worth the wait. Goku felt a new strength surge within him since his last fight. It was true that Saiyans increased in might after every battle, he could feel it. Yearning for his next battle raged within him.

Closing his eyes in determination, his senses boiling up to target the major power level that haunted him during recovery. He could feel all that was going on outside the shell he'd occupied a few minutes ago. He was forced only to feel the ongoing war, his family and close friends struggled with ,from in there. Now he would join them.

His mind's eye mapped out the dead planet.He felt a disturbing silence throughout the Namek wasteland. He touched deceased lives put to an end abruptly by an evil force. The thought angered Goku immensely. The innocent lives swept away by one greedy, powerful being.Goku shook his head and pushed the thought out of head._ Have to find Gohan....Kuririn._

It didn't take him long to sense the eminent power nearby. And a declining one. He tensed and the possibility of it being Gohan. He searched to find his son's familiar Ki, quickly spotted Gohan power. It was, along with two others, in perfect stability. The fading one had to be Vegeta.

Goku had his mind set, he would put a stop to this monster who stalked his friends, and killed the peaceful beings that once abided on this planet. Vegeta wasn't exactly peaceful. In fact he had caused enough pain to himself and his family. Goku recalled his Grandpa's lessons. They taught him many virtues when he was a child. One of these being mercy. He had shown mercy once to Vegeta, looked like he would have to again.

Goku awakened out of deep thought and consideration. He sighed quietly, with somewhat contentment.

"That's good they're close bye. Alrighty then, this is it. Hold on guys!" Goku said voicing his intentions.

His lighthearted personality flooded his serious determination, allowing a small goofy grin.

[illegible]

The on going agony continued. Fist after fist broke Vegeta's body more and more. His knuckles were like a dagger digging into his black and blue flesh. Vegeta's own fists only clenched and released drawing blood from under his white gloves. No muscle moved to defend himself, vanity covered that attempt.

Then all stopped, Frieza's weapons ceased. Vegeta hung in the air, eyes closed and eyebrows knitted together in his usual expression. His lids tight to resist the echoes of the remaining pain. His bottom torso swayed in the breeze. The coolness soothing his sweat and blood soaked face and body.

He then felt himself being lowered. His booted toes touched the ground. A huge relief left from his neck, the effort of supporting his weight left quickly. Vegeta heaved breaths in and out. _Get a hold of yourself.....must concentrate..._Vegeta's thought were interrupted by a swift jerk of the tight tail around him, whipping him back. His neck and shoulders cracked loudly in his ears. Frieza flicked his powerful appendage forward, releasing the tattered Vegeta. The wind tore at his hair and clothes. It almost a small comfort to the fallen warrior.

The comforting wind halted when he hit a wall, hard. He let out another scream. the solid rock gave no ease to his bruised and bloody form. Sinking to the ground, he tightened his lids to with stand all the uncomfortable liquid of blood and sweat that filmed his limbs,

and the uncontrollable ache that enveloped his mass.

A deep voice mocked him, the words masked by the vibrations of his frayed flesh. He breathed in slowly. Drawing out each breath to keep himself calm and steady. His thoughts drifted to the past, present and future. _Not that I have much of future left._ He thought with almost a smile. All he had worked for, trained for, in vain. He recalled his attempts to please the King of the Saiyans. _My Father._ The thought of never accomplishing anything he meant to in his life time hurt more than his shredded muscles.

Opening his eyes he met the gaze of immoral ones. Frieza raised his foot bringing it down on his chest. A stone or a rock rested on the Saiyan warrior's front. Frieza used it to his advantage, driving it into Vegeta's middle cavity. Vegeta clenched his teeth together moaning through them. His already broken ribs scraped and mingled inside of him. Frieza pressed harder, rotating the rock. It shattered under the tremendous pressure.

"It pains me to see you like this Vegeta. I don't know why, but I still care for you enough to put you out of your misery." Frieza spoke. His words were like low mumbles in Vegeta's recovering ears. He did make out the words and understood. It wouldn't be long now. His, so far, meaningless life would cease, leaving only a couple of Saiyans left. _Maybe one of them would avenge my death.... _

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End
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